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D'ye think you have, with your "panzotic" whinings?
 A statute equal to the *law of Poyning's*;
 Whereby each item in your Magazine,
 Must be by you prepared, before 'tis seen.
 Then, with the item, giving your reply,
 So both, together, meet the public eye.

In days of thralldom you might thus have bounced,
 But now, that law's REPEALED...the right RENOUNCED.
 Under your Brevier skulk...pull down your hood;
 Be TANGIBLE no more...*Sat Verbum*,

FLOOD.

 ANALYSIS OF 1810, CONTINUED.

"*Annuus exactis completur mensibus Orbis.*"

ONCE more proceed, your matters all in tune;
 Let's analyse the genial month of JUNE,
 Which, tho' abundant in refreshing showers,
 In gentle breezes, and redolent flowers.
 For our inspection little else affords,
 Than, that on long debate in HOUSE OF LORDS,
 'The Cath'lic question on the sixth was lost,
 Majority was eighty-six at most.

At STOCKHOLM on the twentieth, it appears
 By SCANIAN records...walking all in tears,
 A great procession following the hearse
 Of the CROWN PRINCE, with dirges sad which pierce
 Their "cloud capped towers"...forth rush a furious band
 Of malcontents,...and urged by vengeance fell,
 Assaulted the procession sword in hand,
 When hundreds perish'd...horrible to tell.

Somehow, or other, in these Northern courts,
 Destiny premature and fatal, sports
 With lives of monarchs...it can scarce be said,
 That male or female,...any die in bed.
 Such baneful diadems, I would not hold,
 For all Golconda's gems...or Quito's gold.

Happy the monarch of the BRITISH ISLES;
 Where freedom blossoms, and where virtue smiles;
 The sovereign in his people's hearts enshrin'd,
 Or old or young will always safety find.

Upon the twenty-first, it seems the power
 Which, erst, had sent SIR FRANCIS to the tower;
 Expired by prorogation of DOM.COM:
 His friends triumphantly to tend him home;
 Assembled in most splendid preparation,
 Resolv'd to show their joy on the occasion.

The BARONET intending no such matter,
 (Tho' had his heart been set on pomp...or pride,
 To gratify it...ne'er was such a tide.)
 Eluded all...and slipped away by water!
 SIR FRANCIS surely, it must be confessed,
 Have what he will...has modestly at least.

Allons mes enfans, come now let us try,
 What mighty matters happen'd in July;
 So many happened...that I'll be curst,
 If I know where to start...for on the first,
 KING LEWIS from his royal chair slipped down,
 (Which it appears he never much admir'd,)
 And, as if of the kingly office tir'd,
 Set off, *incog*....and cast away his crown!
 Leaving his honest squab *mynheers*, to wonder,
 And turn their eyes up, like to ducks, in thunder.

Upon this very day, but somewhat late,
 Alamode de Paris...a most splendid fete
 Was given by the Austrian Plenipo,
 In honour of BONT, and his master's daughter,
 (Who in the marriage trap that day had caught her,)
 His great respect and heartfelt joy to show.

So far so good, but that they might have all room,
 In some new jigmaleeri of a ball-room,
 This fete was held...and lo, while all were dancing,
 Somehow or other...this ball-room took fire,
 And ere the sporting wassallers could retire,
 The flames, like to a torrent, came advancing.

Heavens what a spectacle it was to see,
 Such belles and beaux's endeavouring to flee,
 To get out first each individual strives,
 And rushing headlong on with wild uproar,
 Of rank and sex regardless, choked the door,
 And many pretty damsels lost their lives.
 From this you see that many sad miscarriages
 Happen both at prince's funerals and state marriages.

Upon the ninth, Heaven guard us in such times,
 A man (for many heinous...heavy crimes,
 No doubt it was...what minister could fob it?...
 Printing a libel on the men and horses,
 Who form a corps y'clept the *German forces*!)
 Was clapped in Limbo...called WILLIAM COBBET!

And there as by his mittimus appears,
 He must remain the space of...two whole years,
 And likewise he must pay a thousand pound:
 And then find sureties...who are likewise bound,
 In monstrous sums...that neither man nor beast,
 He libel shall...for two whole years at least.
 Most clear this rogue behoves to go to pot,
 "That truth should be silent, he seems to have forgot."

Methinks I now can hear your impship's say,
 Lord, sir, this special pleading cease, we pray;
 Why all our pages with such stuff you'll cover;
 Come to the point at once, and quit such trash.
 For God's sake say, (and let us have a flash...)
 "I've found some months asleep, and leaped them over."

Ev way of easement as you go along,
 Tip us, you wight, some pretty little song;

Or, as an interlude, might you not look
At some fine lately published new book ;
Then try, like it, another book to make...
.....Suppose—the *LADY OF THE LAKE*.

When you to such book-making trade begin,
Give all your things a monstrous origin ;
Use only terms, and phrases obsolete.
Call every object by an ancient name ;
The less you're understood... the more your fame...
Write most abstrusely, and 'twill make you great.

Make all your lakes, as large as seas,
Turn all your brambles into trees ;
A mile in depth, at least, make all your glens !
Cloath all their sides with wood in store,
Where tree, or shrub, ne'er grew before,
And high as *CAUCASUS*...make all your *Bens* !

Then on your lakes make every boating scene,
Like as you can, to that, where Egypt's queen
Came to seduce the famous *Triumvir*.
When, on the *Cydnus* borne by Cyprian gales,
The wanton breezes fill'd her silken sails,
Which *Persius* writing of, makes so much stir.

The muse in this description soars on high,
Her *Pegasus* through æther seems to fly,
But should you chuse in chalking out your scene,
To fix on such a spot as *Lough Katrine* !
Your verse must then in singing of your shallop,
Appropriately trot, or slowly gallop.

Or if you chance to sing of "*a mbush'd glen*,"
Touch not on—" *Birnam wood*, or *Dunsinane* : "
By some fastidious wight it might be hinted
That you preferred old *Shakespeare* to the *Scot*,
Who of the *Clansman* bold, so sweetly wrote,
That blew his whistle, while the sun "it glinted "

Then to the young heroine of your page
Give senile suiters—"past the middle age,"
To swell the size, and to enhance the price
Affix long notes, old songs, and ballads nice,
To show affinity, take no small pains,
Between "*Scotch* words and those used by the *Duns* ;"
Thus, shall your readers taste, be much amended,
Your book besides, with praise and gain attended.

Or if you meant to rightly play your pins .
Give us a touch at *WINDSOR BULLETINS* ;
And let us have (were it but one) a word
About the tunes on—*HANDEL'S Harpsic'ord*.

These you shall have, and with a tanterara,
On the dispatches of Lord *Talavera*—
And much besides, of which old time will tell
Your cases call you now...farewell...farewell.

CALDERONE

Edenticullo, 26th Feb. 1811.

(To be continued.)